



(Continued.)

He held the tiller rope in his left hand and with his right, scientifically thrust from time to time a battered tin dipper into the water and dribbled the contents into the bait pail, a slender rubber tube thrown over the side serving as a drain.

Cranford had fished north, east, south and west; in virgin countries where it took ten days' portage to reach a railroad; but there was no place equal to this.

"I say, Lester, suppose we take a whack just outside of Bare point? Billy's out at Pidgin, and I don't want to swoop down on him before he gets started."

"All right, sir."

Bare point is on the Canadian line. Lester put on a fat, lively chub, and Cranford made a capital cast. At heart he was as eager and as excited as he had been twenty years ago, when his father had explained the intricacies and mysteries of casting a line without having the reel back draw.

"Eaf!"

Cranford gave line, watched the tip of his rod and struck. He reeled in two or three feet of line, then turned and looked at Lester, who was grinning amiably.

"Can you guess what I've got?"

"Go-goo-eye!"

"Compliments of the season; welcome back."

Cranford laughed and reeled in, and the despised rock bass came up exactly like a tin pie plate, round and round, wobbly.

"Shall I put him in the box, sir?" asked Lester, as he extracted the hook. It is a superstition upheld by the majority of fishermen that if you throw away the first fish, whatever breed, you throw away your luck. Beware of thirteen, of leaving your watch under the pillow, of seeing the new moon over the wrong shoulder (whichever that is), of singing before breakfast—all presages of evil to the fisherman.

But Cranford had no superstitions. "Lester, if you crack another joke like that I'll skin you. I'll try one more bait." He cast again. "And don't tell Billy."

"I won't tell anybody," replied Lester as he took up the oars again.

"You see, I bet Billy a box of cigars that we'd beat him out on the day's catch. But he ought not to take a young woman out to Pidgin this time of the year."

"Is he taking a woman out there? Well, she must want to fish there then. Billy's married; so'm I, for that matter. When a woman says she wants to go somewhere she oughtn't to, bustle her to it. She may change her mind and turn back."

This bit of philosophy amused Cranford. There came a sharp tug and strain.

"Hooked himself!" exclaimed Cranford.

He straightened the rod and waited for the "break," but the break did not come. Tug-tug, at an angle of forty-five degrees. A minute went by, there was no letup.

Cranford scowled and gave the rod an impatient lift. Crack! went the tip of a ten year rod. It slid down the taut line and disappeared into the water. "Bel!"

"I had my suspicions," said Lester gravely.

A rock bass, a broken rod and an eel did not promise well for the day's catch.

Cranford dropped the rod and pulled in the line by hand. Lester reached over at the proper moment and cut the leader. A fat eel wriggled back to his cozy environments.

had broken over at Bare point. An hour passed with but one strike to his credit. That was like Pidgin. A dozen boats might drift up and down. Generally only one made the catch.

Noon came.

"We'll have dinner in Sand bay, where it's shady," the girl said.

"We'll dine on Pidgin."

Uncle Billy rubbed his hands tenderly. "He'll be blazin' hot!"

"I have decided."

"All right, Miss Wynne. They'll be 'nough driftwood fer 't stove. We've got seven. Mr. Cranford's got on'y one, 's far 's I can see."

"Only one?"

Landing was shortly made at the dock, and Cranford and the girl visited the lighthouse.

"Beautiful!" murmured the girl. "But very, very hot. You should have gone over to Sand bay," said Cranford. Down below they could see the two guides pattering about. Presently they stepped to the water's edge and began to clean the fish. All this was so different from the camps she had known.

"There's a power boat heading for the island," she cried, clutching him by the arm.

Cranford found a blue spot on his arm that night.

"Coming over from Horseshoe; caught up; mile away, I should say."

The girl's eyes closed, and she swayed against the outer rail.

## CHAPTER VI.

Another Dilemma—Woman.

Cranford followed her down the narrow, winding staircase.

Her dizziness was evidently transitory, for she almost flew down, and he in his turn grew dizzy in trying to keep her in view. He was puzzled.

Hot up there in the light it undoubtedly was, but the real hurt came from the reflected brilliancy of the sun on the water, and she had fished closer to it all the morning.

There had been no signs of dizziness then. Perhaps, after all, she had not eaten anything for breakfast, woman-like, and it was hunger.

It never occurred to him that the sight of the canopied boat had thrown her off her balance. Up here he never suspected anybody, unless it was the man who lost a four pounder over at Homing dock and bragged about it.

His mind was as clear as a boy's. The craft which made him formidable in his peculiar work lay fallow. He was an angler, nothing more. So he decided that her dizziness was due to hunger and went to see that the machinery which would assuage it was set going.

He proceeded at once to the stove, putting in a suggestion here, a hint there.

He opened the olives and anchovies and split the two cantaloupes, packing them neatly with ice and covering them with a napkin. Then he set the table in the shadow of the tower, which made a first class sundial too.

The shadow would last in that spot at least an hour, and if lunch went beyond that time, which he hoped it would, it would be simple to follow the shadow.

The pork was sizzling in the frying pan, the green corn bubbling in the

pot, and the odor of coffee drifted up invitingly.

A meal fit for the gods—better than all the famous hotels put together could offer!

Presently he looked about for the girl and saw her standing at the end of the dock. The power boat was only a few yards off.

Suddenly Uncle Billy and Lester set off licker-cut toward their boats, and Cranford jogged along behind them.

"What's up?" he called.

"Game wardens!"

Neither of the guides had a guilty conscience this day, but it was always well to be on hand when the wardens took inventory of your belongings.

Some people weren't above taking all the bass they could catch, notwithstanding that the Canadian law permitted eight bass to the rod.

There is all the difference in the world between the American and Canadian game wardens.

On the south side of the line laws bristling with amendments and ramifications and additional clauses were passed and printed in books and then put away on the shelf for reference only, since nobody honestly intended to obey them.

Perhaps at odd times the sheriff and the wardens would get their heads together and stop a baseball game on Sunday or interfere with a fishing trip of a few poor chaps who couldn't get away on week days.

It was all very much like wet fire-crackers. Here and there a fizzled or exploded fativ. But on the north side a law was a law seven days in the week, and those living in the radius of its effect had the decency to respect and obey it. They very well had to.

If you fished in Canadian waters without a license and were caught, you paid, whether you were ignorant of the law or knowing.

Lester and Uncle Billy arrived to find their boats being overhauled—the fish boxes, the hollows under stern and bow.

Friendly greetings were exchanged. The men knew each other. It was all in a day's work.

"Only the game wardens," said the

girl, smiling at Cranford.

Only! His puzzlement revived.

"Are you hungry?"

"Is everything ready? I'm starved!" She turned and ran up the dock toward the white patch in the shadow of the lighthouse.

The trifling inquisition over the canopied top put out again, heading for Sand bay.

"Them fish'll be burnt!" roared Uncle Billy, shuffling along the dock.

"She won't know nuthin' 'bout turnin' them."

When they arrived, however, they found her daintily turning the fish in the pan.

Cranford was conscious of a little catch in his breath. The round, brown arms, the sleeves turned carelessly to the elbows, the collar loose at the throat, the flesh pearl tinted in the shadow of her chin, the cheeks red under the tan—a woman lithe and strong and fearless and beautiful, a proper mate for a man.

He did not mean it so, but there was something compelling in his gaze, and her eyes turned toward him.

Instantly there was a smile, friendly, warm, like an honest backslap, at the same time as bewildering and dazzling as a sun glimmer on water. He had all he could do to keep from drawing his hand across his eyes, so strong was the illusion that he had momentarily been blinded.

Then the smile broke into sound, subtle and alluring as that which Ulysses might have heard as he struggled at the mast.

He interpreted the laughter far more readily than the smile.

It was mischievous. The expression on his face had been that of a yokel no doubt. Worldly wise, versed in femininity, he realized that it would never do to give her this advantage.

"Thanks for the smile. But why did you laugh at me?"

"Has no woman ever smiled at you before?" as she turned the handle of the frying pan into Uncle Billy's horny palm.

"Not quite like that."

"Mercy! Was it so dreadful?"

"No. On the contrary, it was as unexpected as it was beautiful."

She looked straight into his eyes as she retorted: "Parlor broken. I am greatly disappointed. Can't you men forget those insufferable frostings when you are out in the open?"

"Back there," with a nod toward the south, "back there I shouldn't have forgotten to smile."

"Grub" came disenchantedly from Uncle Billy.

The girl laughed again.

And Cranford laughed, too, and he knew that she knew why. She had won all points in the comedy.

They sat down, he at one end of the table and she at the other, and they ate, at least for the gods, who very well knew how to eat—the finest fish in the world, tender green corn, nectarous coffee, crisp potatoes, luscious melons and the sun and the air for seasoning.

"It was very kind of you to share these fish. If you only knew how I have longed for the taste of one! I wonder what it really is that makes food taste so good out of doors?"

"Curious to learn what opinion she might advance, for he had had but little contact with women free of their fashionable environment and only imagined what they might be outside their fortress of repression and conventionalities.

"Attitude of the mind," she answered as she dug into the green ring of the melon; "the return to the simple, the shedding of complexities; early to bed and early to rise, and all the sordid, ugly things left behind. We wash our bodies every day, but only when we get out like this do we wash our souls."

He became just the least bit afraid that she would prove to be that blue-stocking Minerva, for Diana never bothered her head about the care of souls, Diana.

"I have a curious idea that perhaps you are called Diana."

The spoon poised for a moment.

"Yes, that is my name. But do not confuse me with the mythological goddess, please; I am mortal, very mortal indeed."

"Pardon me. I did not mean to be impertinent."

"It is as I said. We return to simple. What is more direct, what is simpler than asking me, 'my girl name?' I almost said Christian! And I am just as much a pagan as my name implies. Your name is John. Uncle Billy has been singing your praises since the first day we went out. I was beginning to hate you. The green corn and the melons were delicious. Thanks, I am as much in your debt as you are in mine. And there you have the truth of it. Friendship should always balance evenly. Weigh obligation against obligation, or, better still, see that there are no obligations. 'Old and true as the hills, isn't it?'"

"May I be counted as a friend?" he asked eagerly.

She rose, spun the melon rind into the water, stooped quickly and cast a stone after it with amazing accuracy.

"Why not—up here? If we ever meet elsewhere it will be from behind hedges, and we'll have to play the game—silly, I think it—of having some one to introduce us properly."

Another stone flew out and caught the melon on the rim, spinning it. It overbalanced and sank. "What made you ask me if my name was Diana?"

"That," readily, pointing to the spot where the melon had been floating.

"Who but Diana could have thrown a stone like that?"

"Not a very brilliant invention."

There was in her glance neither embarrassment nor coquetry, nor curiosity—nothing that he recognized as feminine. Yet it seemed to draw the man out of him as easily as the bucket comes up from the well.

"When you came into the boat-house Diana sprung into my mind. The imperturbability—"

"Ah!" mockingly.

"With which you accepted the at-moment conditions—"

"Fiddle-dee-dee!"

"Struck me as being unlike any-thing I had ever seen in woman."

(To Be Continued.)

## TRUMBULL

The Ladies' Aid society will hold its annual fair at the church on Thursday afternoon and evening, Nov. 18. There will be on sale fancy articles, aprons, candy, pie, cake and coffee. The committees in charge are as follows: Fancy work, Mrs. Charles T. Everts, Miss Cora E. Beach; aprons, Mrs. Burr F. Beach, Mrs. Lester B. Shotton; candy, Mrs. Francis L. Wells; Mrs. Francis L. Wells; Mrs. Albert Christie, Miss Verna Barski; tea room, Mrs. Charles Ensign, Mrs. Charles Shepherd and Mrs. Charles Scott; Miss Mildred E. Tucker has charge of the mystery bag.

Among those from this place who attended the State D. A. R. meeting were: John Treadwell, Mrs. Winnie Bradley, Mrs. W. H. Bradley, Miss Cora E. Beach, Mrs. Francis Wells, Mrs. Lester M. Shelton, Mrs. Charles Fairchild, Mrs. Edward Northgate and Mrs. Frank Beers.

Mr. Francis Wells and Mrs. Howard S. Beach attended the Wednesday afternoon musical.

Rehearsals are being held for a play entitled "Boys of the Town" by The Varsity Dramatic Club.

The Boy Scouts held their regular weekly meeting at the town hall, Wednesday evening. The boys under the leadership of Scout Master Charles Shepherd are planning to give an entertainment the last of this month.

Mrs. Winnie Bradley has recently been the guest of Mrs. John Treadwell at her home in Tashua. Mrs. Treadwell has also entertained her niece, Miss Katherine Treadwell of the Danbury Normal school.

Alexander Sinclair of Harmony grange, Monroe, instructed a class in the third and fourth degree at Trumbull grange Friday evening. After the degree work the grangers enjoyed a fine supper.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Plumb are planning a trip to California. Their daughter, Miss Beatrice, will stay with her grandparents during their absence.

Footatuck Y. C. To Sell Bonds To Get Funds For Clubhouse

(Special to The Farmer.)

Stratford, Nov. 15.—At a meeting of the members of the Footatuck Yacht club held last week at the town hall it was decided to sell bonds amounting to \$3,000 at \$5 each in order to raise money for the erection of a new boat and club house, the building committee comprises F. R. Townroe, F. S. Converse and James Halpin. Several sites are being considered.

More than \$100 was realized from the rummage sale held in the town hall Thursday given under the auspices of the Women's Aid society of the Congregational church. This sum will be added to the fund already started to help pay for the new parish house.

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